Le Chœur d'une Mère

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/74441411.

Rating:
General Audiences

Archive Warning:
Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Category:
Gen

Fandom:
Aquaria (Video Game)

Relationships:
Mia & Naija (Aquaria), Eric & mother

Characters:
Mia (Aquaria), Eric, The Creator, Mother

Additional Tags:
Character Study, Motherhood

Language:
English

Stats:
Published: 2025-11-19 Words: 468 Chapters: 1/1

Le Chœur d'une Mère

by Calylypso

Summary

The mother was powerless and yet her song reached the depths of the sea. And one day, the tortured son created a mother for himself.

Children's hands are meant to be colored by their creativity. My son had blue fingertips, sometimes gray like stones and fish scales. I could only hope for more, maybe with time…Maybe if we gave him time, sunflowers, fruits and warmth would have appeared on his canvas. When the last verse of the lullaby ended and all the children in town fell asleep, I stood there. Staring at the still wet painting. My son who never saw what is beneath our feet, how could he represent so well its cold emptiness ? They were swarming, his little gray fish, to nothingness. And the bells kept playing their heavy melody every night as I waited for a change.

One day, the fire appeared. Through the windows, the light reached the canvas ! Red colored the sea, noises from outside frightened the painted beings who swam here and there. But he wasn't here to witness that awaited change. My son remained in the world he painted for us, he fell to the depths of the empty kingdom that had yet to be born.

We wanted to join him. Imprisoned under the wonders of that colorful world. My fingertips are gray and everything is cold, too cold to be felt…My dear, can't my voice appease your sorrow and pain ? My love, can't our souls find rest here for once ? We are tired of wandering through the ruins of our home. Eric is dead. Can't a family reunite in death ? In order to die, he must first awake from his long dream. Children are all scared of the darkness, of a monster lurking in the shadows but I fear…I fear that our son became the monster he created for himself. Was it wrong to wish for colors ? Maybe things had to end. Maybe it was too late to dream of another, better world.

Obsession is like a ghost. Haunting every thought, every action. A true possession of the self. What he wanted to paint could not take any shape but perhaps…Perhaps the shape of a long forgotten mother. My daughter, can't you hear it as you travel the ruins of these kingdoms ? The verse that could never end ? Ah, I couldn't forget either. The sorrow and longing spread to every being, everything that lived and died during those long centuries.

After finding my place on the canvas, I could witness the voracity of rulers, the lightness of existence, the hubris of scholars, the rage of warriors…The verse was meant to repeat itself and, eventually, collapsed. The kingdoms were consumed by what birthed them…The nostalgia of a dreaming Creator. The son that I never claimed was too foolish and yet, I am the culmination of his many trials and failures. I now put my faith in my only daughter, Naija.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!